

FEBRUARY

No. 20

NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢



1358-20



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

UNCLE SAM

THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN,
UNCLE SAM, WITH HIS LITTLE FRIEND,
BUDDY, CARRIES THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
INTO THE LANDS OF OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS..
LATIN AMERICA SHAKES HANDS
WITH OUR TWO-FISTED PATRIOT
IN A SMASHING CHALLENGE TO
THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM!!

by
William E. Eisner



A GROUP OF ARMY TRAINEES GET A SALUTE FROM A COUPLE OF ACE AMERICANS, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY..



WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD, BOYS?

V FOR VICTORY!!

THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY LOOKS ON..

YES, DEMOCRACY'S SAFE WHILE SAM'S THERE TO FIGHT FOR IT.

OH, MR. WASHINGTON! I'M....



..SIMON BOLIVAR, GEORGE, REMEMBER ME? I'VE COME TO YOU FOR HELP. THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM ARE AT WORK IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES... I'M WORRIED....



I KNOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SIMON... WE'VE THE SAME TROUBLE IN THE STATES, BUT HERE'S THE MAN YOU WANT TO SEE.. SAM!!



YES, GEORGE?

H'LO MR. WASHINGTON

SAM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, A MAN WHO FOUGHT TO FREE SOUTH AMERICA FROM SPANISH TYRANNY BACK IN 1812.. SIMON BOLIVAR'S HIS NAME. HE'S UPSET, SAM, ABOUT THE AGGRESSOR'S INFLUENCE DOWN THERE!



WHOA THERE, FELLA! THAT'S A PACK O' LIES YOU'RE STATING, AND I'M A GOOD-Will DELEGATE OF ONE..CAME DOWN TO PROVE IT...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..

IT'S MY JOB, MR. BOLIVAR, TO HELP THE NEIGHBORS KEEP THEIR BACKYARDS CLEAN, TOO. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE MEETING YOU!!



YOU WATCH OUR STUFF MR. BOLIVAR, WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

SOON AFTER, IN A GREAT BRAZILIAN PORT

THAT'S RIO, BUDDY. AND IT'S TOO PRETTY TO BE UNDERMINED BY RATS



C'MON LET'S GO!

IN A SQUARE OF RIO DE JANEIRO....

UNITED STATES IS OUR WAN BEEG ENEMY, SHE ROB US ..SHE PLANS TO INVADE OUR COUNTRIES!!



..THE U.S. IS YOUR FRIEND. WE WISH TO TRADE WITH YOU IN PEACE

YAAH!! AMERICANO PEEG! THE DIABLO IS WEETH HIM!



WE MUST UNITE TO DEFEND OUR CONTINENTS!!

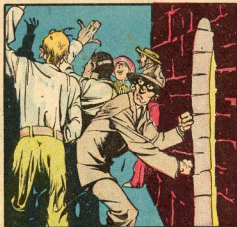
IF YOU'LL JUST LISTEN TO UNCLE SAM, YOU MIGHT LEARN SOMETHIN'



I OFFER FRIENDSHIP BROTHERHOOD, AND COOPERATION IN THE DEFENSE OF THE FREEDOM WE ALL LOVE!!



THE CROWD CHEERS ITS SUPPORT OF UNCLE SAM... BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DOES NOT...



HERR SOHTUK, A DANGEROUS MAN HAS MADE A FOOL OF OTTO IN ONE MOMENT, KIEF WE ARE DISCUSSING PLANS..



SO! OUR LINE OF INVASION IS FROM 400 MILES SOUTH OF DAKAR TO PERNAMBUCO AND ONTO THE PAN-AMERICAN HIGHWAY!!



WE SHALL HAVE NO TROUBLE BREAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLES. THE TRIBES FROM ALONG THE AMAZON HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO BE OUR ALLIES !!!



THEY ARE WELL ARMED.....

..AND READY TO BATTLE FOR US..



AND IN AFRICA..



HAA!! HOW CLEVERLY WE HAVE FOOLED THE WORLD... THEY THINK WE HAVE THROWN OUR BEST TROOPS INTO BATTLE ON OTHER FRONTS... BUT THEY ARE HERE IN OUR SECRET BASE, SOUTH OF DAKAR !!



WHEN THE NAZIS HEAR OF UNCLE SAM'S SPEECH....



WE MUST SILENCE THIS YANKEE AT ONCE!!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE UNCLE SAM GETS A CONCRETE EXAMPLE OF THE OPPOSITION HE IS BUCKING



HEY!!



TSK! TSK! I HOPE THE GUYS WHO SICKED YOU ON ME WILL PAY YOUR HOSPITAL EXPENSES!!



BUT WHILE UNCLE SAM MAKES JELLY OF HIS ATTACKERS, BUDDY IS SEIZED AND SILENCED...

THEY'LL MAKE THE HOSTAGE



BUT...

THE LITTLE AMERICANO!

HE HAS MUCHO TROUBLES!



AFTER THE FIGHT....

HAVE YOU KIDS SEEN MY NEPHEW BUDDY?

SI! SI! I KNOW! HE IS CARRIED TO THE VILLA NOCHE!



FOLLOWED BY HIS TWO NEW ADMIRERS UNCLE SAM SPEEDS TO BUDDY'S RESCUE

THIS LOOKS LIKE AN INN... YES THERE'S THE PROPRIETOR !!!



NO, I DO NOT DESIRE A ROOM... TELL ME WHERE YOUR GUESTS ARE KEEPING THE BOY MY NEPHEW!!



AH, SENOR, DO NOT BRING YOUR WRATH UPON ME, A POOR PAESANO. THEY PAY ME WELL, THE NAZIS.. YOU WILL FIND THEM IN THE PATIO!

GRACIAS!!



BUT BEHIND THE PATIO WALL A BOMB AWAITS UNCLE SAM'S ENTRY...

UNCLE... ¿GLUB !!!

BUDDY TRIES TO SHOUT A WARNING, BUT A BROWN FIST SMASHES THE WORDS BACK IN HIS THROAT..

SILENCE !!!

OH!

BUDDY!! NO ONE HERE? WHY I'LL WRECK THE JOINT TO...

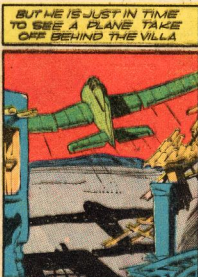
BUT UNCLE SAM DOESN'T HAVE TO... THE BOMB DOES THE JOB FOR HIM..



NOW I AM MAD!
...THAT SURE KNOCKED THE CHIP FROM MY SHOULDER
!!!!

BUT HE IS JUST IN TIME TO SEE A PLANE TAKE OFF BEHIND THE VILLA

BUDDY'S IN THAT PLANE !!



CARAMBA!! THEES AMERICANO IS WAN GREAT FELLA !! COME!! MAMA, PEDRO, TITO ALL THE FAMILY... WE HELP HEEM FIGHT THE NAZIS!

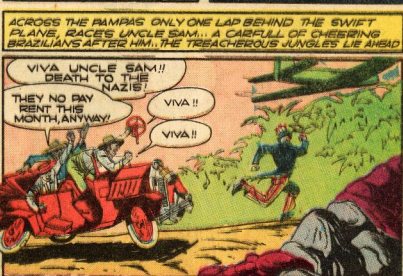
ACROSS THE PAMPAS ONLY ONE LAP BEHIND THE SWIFT PLANE, RACES UNCLE SAM... A CARFULL OF CHEERING BRAZILIANS AFTER HIM... THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLES LIE AHEAD

VIVA UNCLE SAM!!
DEATH TO THE NAZIS!

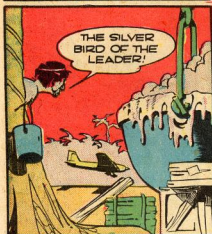
THEY NO PAY RENT THIS MONTH, ANYWAY!

VIVA !!

VIVA !!



BUDDY'S CAPTOR'S LAND ON A RUBBER PLANTATION DEEP IN THE JUNGLE ...



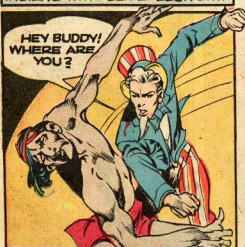
PREPARE FOR A GREAT BATTLE... A TERRIBLE DEVIL STRIPED WITH BLOOD COMES TO DESTROY YOU... HE MUST BE KILLED



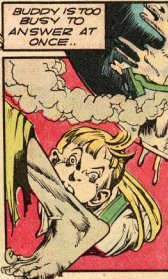
JUST THEN "THE STRIPED DEVIL" CRASHES LIKE A BOMB INTO THE CLEARING



UNCLE SAM SCATTERS THE INDIANS WITH BLITZ BLOWS...



BUDDY IS TOO BUSY TO ANSWER AT ONCE..



SUDDENLY UNCLE SAM SEIZES A GIANT VAT OF BOILING LATEX AND SWINGS IT...



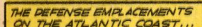
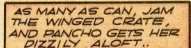
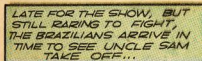
AN OZZING BLANKET OF HOT, MOLTEN RUBBER SQUELCHES THE INDIANS' RESISTANCE.....



SORRY OLD TIMER!!

THAT'S ALRIGHT UNCLE SAM! WE GOTTA HURRY AND GET TO THE COAST. THEY'VE GOT PLANS TO BLOW UP THE DEFENSE GUNS.





CRR-RASH! THE SABOTEURS SCURRY LIKE RATS..



UNHURT, THE GREAT AMERICAN BURSTS FROM THE WRECK!!



**SOME OTHER TIME!!
RIGHT NOW THERE ARE
SOME SKULLS
AROUND HERE THAT
NEED CRACKING!!**



**WHILE UNCLE SAM EXTERMINATES
THE RODENTS, BUDDY SNOOPS
AROUND FOR MORE TROUBLE..**



**NO! JUST A MINUTE...
THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOME TROUBLE..**



**UNCLE SAM! COME
QUICK!! THAT GUY
IN THERE'S TALKIN'
TO THE SECRET
BASE IN AFRICA....
HE'S WARNING
THEM ABOUT US...
DO YOU WANT
HIM TO DO
THAT?**



**NO SIRREE!! JUST CALL
UP YOUR BOSS AGAIN,
MISTER, AND TELL HIM
TO GO AHEAD AS
PLANNED...WE
WANT TO
SURPRISE
HIM..**

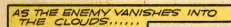
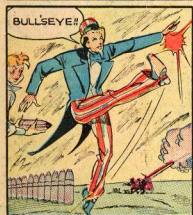
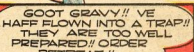
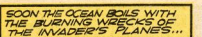
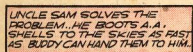
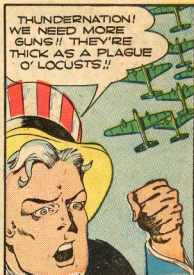


**IN A FEW MOMENTS, GIANT
BOMBERS AND HEAVILY-
LADEN TROOP PLANES
RISE FROM THE SHORES
OF THE DARK CONTINENT..**



**MEANWHILE, PANTO HAS
FOLLOWED UNCLE SAM'S
EXAMPLE AND "LANDED"!!**



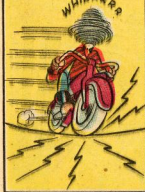


WINDY BREEZE

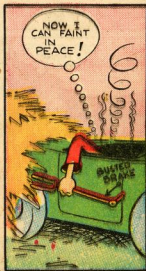
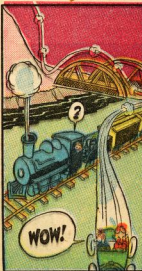
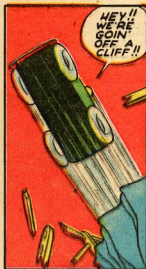
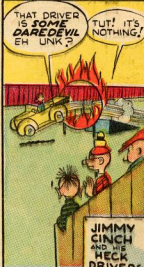


by
Ralph
Johns

"THE ELECTRICITY WAS SO STRONG IT MADE MY HEAD SPIN MAKING IT ACT LIKE A GYROSCOPE AND HELPED ME KEEP MY BALANCE."



"AFTER THE RIDE I WAS SO FULL OF JUICE I COULD READ BY MY OWN LIGHT FOR WEEKS."





GUEST STAR
for 2 weeks only

KID DIXON

in special exhibition bout
BAYRON and BARLEY CIRCUS

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION!

Heavyweight
Champion of
the World

By Bob Reynolds

TO BEGIN WITH, THE
KID'S MANAGER,
"BOTTLE" TOPPS IS IN
A VERY SOUR MOOD.

CRIPES, KID, YOU'VE
FINISHED YER CONTRACT
WITH THE CIRCUS.
LET'S BE MOVIN'
ON!



WHAT'S KEEPIN' YA
HERE, ANYWAY?

AW... I LIKE IT
HERE...



YA MEAN YA LIKE
LADY ACROBATS!
WELL C'MON F'YER
MORNING WORKOUT..
YA GOTTA KEEP IN
THE PINK.



'BYE, ARIEL! GOTTA
GO GIVE MY
SPARRIN'
PARTNERS
SOME EXERCISE.

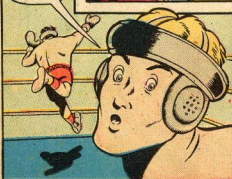


BOY.. YER
PLENNY FAST,
CHAMP! I...
ER... ULP!



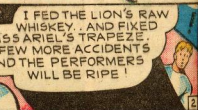
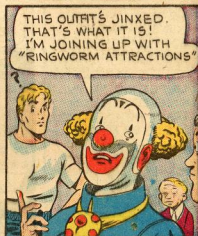
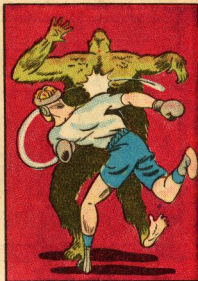
WHAT'S A
MATTER?

OHH..
GOLLY..



COLOSSO HAS
ESCAPED!







AN' I'M TALKIN' UP THE JINX ANGLE PENNY.. EVERYBODY'S PRACTICALY READY TO QUIT AN' SIGN UP WITH THE "RINGWORM" OUTFIT...

GOOD WORK, MUMMY.. THIS'LL GET US SWELL JOBS IN THE RIVAL OUTFIT.. RIGHT UP ON TOP!



THE "JINX" BUSINESS IS FOLDIN' UP, BOYS!



I THINK YOU'LL KEEP FINE IN THERE WHILE I LOOK UP THIS "MUMMY" PAL O' YOURS.



LEMME OUTA HERE!

PLEASE DO NOT FEED



OH OH! ARIEL'S GOIN' UP FOR A TUNE-UP ON THAT DOCTORED TRAPEZE !!



STOP! DON'T LET 'EM GO UP THERE! THEY'LL GET KILLED!

HA HA.. YEAH, IT SCARES 'EM ALL.

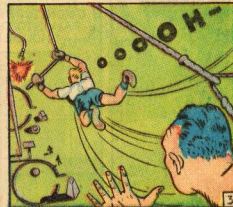


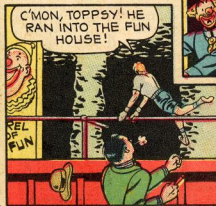
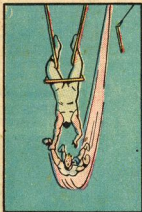
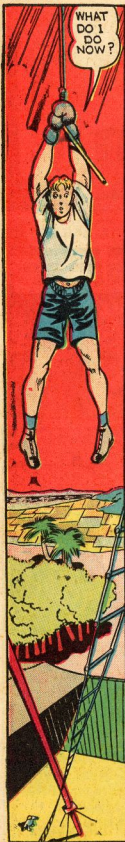
HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?



DON'T USE THE TRAPEZES! ONE OF 'EM IS..

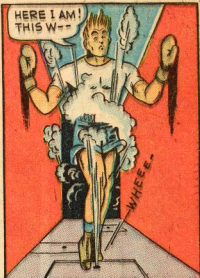
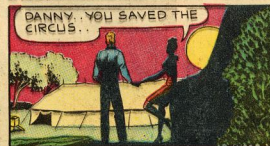
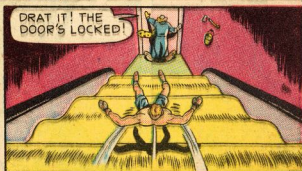
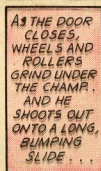
HEY! YOU WANNA GET HURT? GET DOWN!





DOWN ON GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL EARTH AGAIN.





Sally O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

BY FRANK KEARNS

THE CRUEL HANDS OF A MADMAN SPREAD HORROR BEHIND THE PORTALS OF AN OLD MANSION... UNTIL SALLY O'NEIL, PRIDE OF THE POLICE FORCE INTERFERES.

SALLY IDLY WATCHES MOVING MEN LOAD A VAN FULL OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND ART PIECES.

HMM... THE VAN GILDERS MOVING OUT OF THEIR RITZY MANSION AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

LATER, SHE CRUISES ALONG WATERFRONT STREETS AND...

GLORY BE! THERE'S THAT SAME VAN! BUT SINCE WHEN DO THE VAN GILDERS STORE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ANTIQUES IN A DINKY WAREHOUSE?

BUT A SINISTER LOOKING MAN SPOTS SALLY'S CURIOSITY...

HURRY! STOW THOSE STICKS! COP DAMES WATCHING?

THAT NIGHT SALLY JOINS HER BROTHER MIKE IN THE PATROL CAR...SUDDENLY THE RADIO BLASTS A NEWS REPORT

ROBERT VAN GILDER MISSING FROM YACHT. FEARED TO HAVE DROWNED IN FLORIDA FISHING ACCIDENT.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN, SAL. NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

YES THERE IS, MIKE.. PLENTY! I'VE A HUNCH BOB VAN GILDER IS NOT PLAYING WITH MERMAIDS NOW..DRIVE TO THE VAN GILDER HOUSE?

I STILL THINK YOU'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, SAL?

I DON'T THINK SO, MIKE. WAIT AND SEE!

THEY ENTER THE MANSION THROUGH THE BACK.

THE HOUSE IS GLOOMY..AN OPPRESSIVE MUSTINESS FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS AS SALLY AND MIKE FLASH THEIR SEARCHLIGHTS.

AS MIKE TALKS, HE STEPS INTO THE VAN GILDER LIBRARY...SUDDENLY..

SALLY! LOOK OUT!

THE VAN GILDERS HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR MONTHS. THEY'RE TRAVELING.

WHEW! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN HERE..

MIKE! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE YOU?

THERE IS A HEAVY THUD OUTSIDE..LIKE A BODY FALLING AND AN INSANE VOICE HOWLS IN MAD LAUGHTER.

HE HA HA HO HO HO

SLAM

MIKE! MIKE!

OMIGOSH! HERE I AM LOCKED IN THIS LIBRARY WITH MIKE GONE AND A MANIAC RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!



FRANTICALLY, SALLY LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT... BUT...

WINDOWS BARRED...
"I'M NOT ENJOYING
THIS MUCH!"



DOFFING HER
TOPCOAT
SALLY TRIES
ANOTHER
MEANS OF
ESCAPE...
NOT HEAR-
ING THE DOOR
THAT OPENS
SILENTLY ON
THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
ROOM... AND
THE QUIET
FOOTSTEPS
THAT FOLLOW



"IF I
CAN
WRIGGLE
THROUGH
THIS
TRANSOM

BUT... I WOULDN'T
TRY THAT, YOUNG
LADY. IT'S DANGER-
OUS!

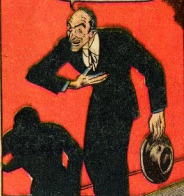


ER...
WHO??

YOU?? THE "DEACON"!! THE
MADMAN ART THIEF!!! HOW'D
YOU FLY YOUR COOP??

THE STRANGE GAUNT
FIGURE CLAD IN SINISTER
BLACK MAKES A COURTLY
BOW.

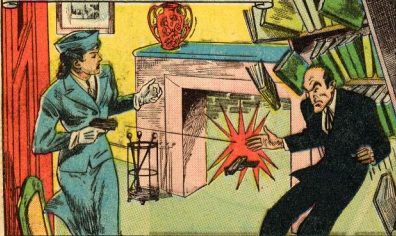
YOU ARE CLEVER,
TOO CLEVER!



THEY CALL ME MAD... BUT
I AM NOT!... THE WORLD IS
THE MAD ONE... HA, HA!
HEE, HEE!



QUICK AS A WINK, SALLY'S GUN
BARKS, SHOOTING THE "DEACON'S"
PISTOL FROM HIS GRIP. THE MANIAC
BACKS AGAINST A BOOKCASE.....



HA! HA! HOW NICE
YOU LOOK DRAPED
IN SHAKESPEARE
AND DICKENS!

YOU... YOU PAY
FOR THIS! THE
"DEACON"
STANDS FOR
NO INSULTS!



DURING THE MOMENT SALLY BENDS TO RECOVER THE "DEACON'S" GUN, HE REACHES FOR A BUTTON BEHIND HIM.



HEY!!.. NOW HOW'D THAT SCREWLOOSE DISAPPEAR?



REASONING THAT A SECRET PANEL MUST BE THE ANSWER, SALLY HUNTS ABOUT UNTIL..



BUT SALLY DOES NOT COUNT ON THE TRAP DOOR THAT SPRINGS OPEN BENEATH HER FEET.



SHE SLIDES DOWN A WINDING CHUTE TO A DARK BASEMENT FAR BELOW..



STEPPING IN, SALLY GASPS TO SEE...



SUDDENLY SLAMS.. THE DOOR SLAMS.. THE "DEACON" IS IN THE ROOM.



FURIOUSLY SALLY LUNGES AT THE GAUNT VILLAIN, CAUSING HIM TO STRIKE HIS HEAD ON A LOW BEAM.



THEN SHE LOOSES
VAN GILDER'S BONDS.

THE 'DEACON'S A MAD ART
THIEF WHO ESCAPED FROM AN
INSANE ASYLUM.. GUESS
THE VAN GILDER ART WAS
TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO
RESIST!

THAT
FLORIDA
REPORT WAS
FAKED, YOU
KNOW.



BOB, CAN YOU CARRY
MIKE OUT? I'LL WRAP
UP THIS PACKAGE!

SURE..
AND THEN
WE'LL SEND
HIM BACK
TO HIS
PADDED
CELL!



GENTLY THEY HELP
MIKE OUT TO THE
PATROL CAR. . .

AND SPEED TO THE WATER-
FRONT WAREHOUSE.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR
WHOLE COLLECTION
THERE, BOB!



LEAVING MIKE STILL HALF-
CONSCIOUS IN THE CAR, SALLY AND
BOB STALK INTO THE MURKY
BUILDING.

SHH, BOB
SOMEONE'S
SURE TO BE
AROUND!



SALLY'S HUNCH IS RIGHT.
FROM BEHIND A MOUNTAIN
OF BARRELS WHIZZES A
BULLET.



FURIOUSLY SHE WHIRLS
AND SENDS ONE ROLL-
ING LIKE A BOWLING
BALL INTO THE PINS.

THE BARRELS TUMBLE AND ROLL
IN ALL DIRECTIONS, REVEALING
TWO THUGS. . .

BOB WADES INTO THEM
WITH A PRACTICED
RIGHT.



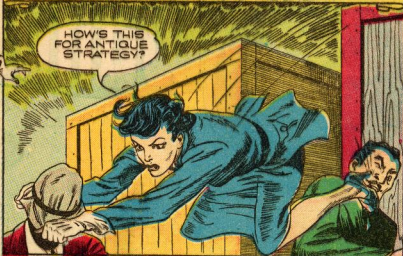
THIS WILL
UNCOVER
THE RATS'
NEST!



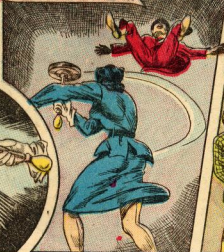
BUT BOB GETS THE BAD END OF THE SCRAP.. SALLY LEAPS INTO THE FRAY FROM THE TOP OF A TALL PACKING CRATE.



WITH SCIENTIFIC POLICE TRICKS, PLUS A WELL-AIMED FEMININE HEEL, SALLY BATTERS THE ENEMY.



THEN THE OTHER..



GRABBING A VALUABLE LAMP BASE, SHE WIELDS IT WITH TELLING RESULTS.. FIRST TO ONE THUG..



DUMP HIM IN, BOB.. THESE BARRELS HAVE NEVER HELD MORE JUNK!



TOGETHER THEY ROLL THE BARRELS OUT THE DOOR.



WOW? THIS SURE WAS A NIGHTMARE?

MEET BOB VAN GILDER, MIKE!



LATER: SALLY AND MIKE ARE INVITED TO DINNER AT THE VAN GILDER MANSION.

.. AND AFTER THIS, BOB, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR LIBRARY.. WITH LIGHTS ON AND NO SPOOKS?

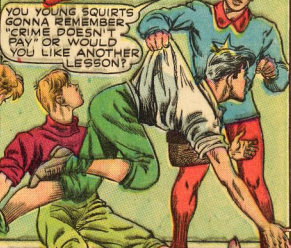


NEXT MONTH, SALLY FLIRTS WITH DANGER AGAIN IN NATIONAL COMICS





BUT, THE YOUNG TORNADO GETS A BIT RUFFLED.



BUT KELLY'S HENCHMAN CLIPS THEIR FLUTTERING WINGS. . .

S'MATTER, RUNTS?.. GOT A HEAVY DATE. WIT' THE COPS MAYBE?

AW.. LET US GO, WELCHY!

WE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!

THE KIDS STAND TERROR-STRICKEN. . .

WHO'S THAT SNOOPY KID OVER THERE?.. YOU BEEN SQUEALIN'?.. MAYBE DA BOSS BETTER SEE YOU!

AND HE WINKS TO THE BOYS AS THE MOBSTER FALLS FOR THE GAG.

WONDER BOY STOPS HIM. . . .

I ONLY WANT TO JOIN UP. CAN I GET TO SEE THE BOSS?

THEY ARE LED THROUGH A DIM CORRIDOR WITH ONLY EERIE CANDLELIGHT TO MARK THEIR PATH. . .

G-GEE. I'M SCARED!

IN THE HAZY DARKNESS OF THE HALL, WONDER BOY SEIZES AN OPPORTUNITY TO DEAL WITH WELCHY.

PEERING AROUND A HALF-OPEN DOOR, THE BOYS COME UPON BOSS KELLY GREEDILY FINGERING A HUGE STACK OF MONEY.

O. K., MUGGS. COME AND GET IT. ONLY DON'T BE GRABBIN' ER YOU'LL GET YER MITTS KNOCKED OFF!

WE'RE ASKING NO MORE FAVORS OF YOU TO-NIGHT, MR. WELCHY!

MEANWHILE, WONDER BOY'S FIRST VICTIM HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES AND SWINGS FROM BEHIND. . . .



BUT THE HEAVY IRON ROD REACHES ITS MARK. . . .



THE TWO BOYS STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY. . . .



JUST FOUND DESE LITTLE SQUEALERS AND A SNOOPER BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WIT 'EM?



WE'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF RIGHT HERE. THEN CLEAR OUTTA THIS DUMP!



TIED TOGETHER, TO AWAIT CERTAIN DEATH, TWO SCARED BOYS STARE HELPLESSLY AT WONDER BOY.



AFTER FIRING A BULLET INTO THE WATER PIPE, THE GANGSTERS LEAVE THEM TO DROWN.



BUT THE SUDDEN DRENCHING REVIVES WONDER BOY.



THE DOOR BARRING THE WAY TO FREEDOM SPLINTERS UNDER HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH.



THEY REACH THE ALLEYWAY
IN TIME TO WATCH THE
SPEEDY DEPARTURE OF THE
GANG...

THEY CARRY THE
JACK IN THAT
BLACK BAG!

LET'S
GO!

SUDDENLY, THE CAR SWERVES
TOWARDS THEM.

PLOW
THOSE KIDS DOWN, WELCHY!
IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

AS THE AUTO BEARS DOWN
ON THEM, WONDER BOY
FIRMLY GRIPS THE BUMPER.

HEAVE
HO!

WOW!

AND THE STARTLED MOB-
STERS ARE TOSSED TO THE
PAVEMENT.

LIGHT INTO 'EM,
BOYS! GIVE
'EM ALL YOU'VE
GOT!

A SCOUTING BLACK MARIA
ARRIVES ON THE SCENE
AND PICKS UP UNEXPECTED
RIDERS...

TELL
IT TO
THE
JUDGE!

BUT
OFFICER.

AND FACING A
KINDLY JUDGE.

THEY'RE NOT
TO BLAME, SIR!
KELLY MADE
THEM STEAL!

I BELIEVE YOU, SON, AND
I'M PAROLING THEM IN
YOUR CARE!

HOORAY
FOR
WONDER
BOY!

GEE!



PROP

POWERS



A MIDDLE RIVER SCENE

ACE FLIERS ATTACHED TO THE COAST GUARD, PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL LANK, ONCE MORE TASTE HIGH ADVENTURE AND FEEL THE ICY BREATH OF SUDDEN DEATH.

BY
LYNN
BYRD

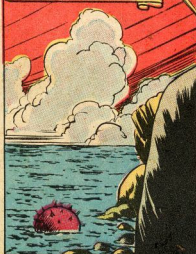


PROP AND LANK STROLL ALONG THE BEACH NOT FAR FROM THE COAST GUARD STATION.

A SINISTER OBJECT IS WASHED UP ON SHORE

SWELL DAY, ISN'T IT, PROP?

SURE IS, ALMOST TOO PEACEFUL TO BE TRUE.



A MINE?? AND NOT A U.S. ONE, EITHER? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WASHED ALL THE WAY FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

YEAH?



PROP'S VOICE DRIFTS TO THE EARS OF AN EVIL TRIO IN HIDING NEARBY. . . .

WE'D BETTER BLOW THE THING UP BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT!

COAST GUARDSMEN! WE MUST STOP THEM.



LANK! WHAT WAS THAT?

LOOK! WE'VE GOT COMPANY AND I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG TOGETHER.



PSST! LIE DOWN. PLAY DEAD! THEN WHEN THEY BEAT IT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT THEIR GAME IS!



OUR PLANS HAVE PROGRESSED TOO FAR TO RISK ANY INTERFERENCE! WE WILL FINISH THE AMERICANS OFF SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY!



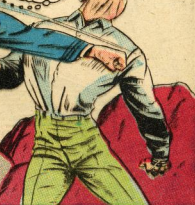
PROP FELS THE FIRST AGENT WITH A PILE-DRIVER LEFT.



BUT ONE OF THE ENEMY AGENTS SLIPS AND DISLODGES A ROCK.

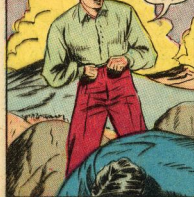


WE CAN FLATTEN THESE THUGS BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



...AND THE NAZIS ARE COMPLETELY TAKEN IN.

THAT WAS EASY! COME ON, BOYS. . . WE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

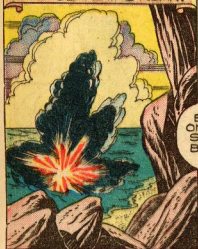


PROP AND LANK START TO FOLLOW, WHEN SUDDENLY THEY SEE..

SAY! WHAT KIND OF A SHIP IS THAT?



A SINGLE PISTOL SHOT DETONATES THE HUGE MINE WITH A DEAFENING ROAR.



ON BOARD THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP...



OUR ENEMIES ON SHORE SEEM TO BE ON THE ALERT!

PROP AND LANK ARRIVE AT THE COAST GUARD STATION TO FIND...



JUST TAKE A LOOK IN THAT WINDOW AND SEE WHAT I SEE, LANK!

INSIDE, THE SPIES HAVE MADE A PRISONER OF THE RADIO OPERATOR.



GOOD! NOW THE COAST GUARD BOATS WHICH PURSUE OUR MINE LAYER WILL GO IN TO THE FRESHLY-SOWN MINE FIELD AND THEN BE DESTROYED!



I'LL RADIO A FAKE MESSAGE TO THE NAVY AND THEIR SHIPS WILL BE DRAWN INTO THE TRAP TOO!



EXCELLENT IDEA, FRANZ!

BUT LANK, OVERHEARING, FIRES THROUGH THE WINDOW.



THERE! THAT WRECKS THE TRANSMITTER, SO THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT PART OF THEIR SCHEME!

YOU HOLD THEM OFF, LANK, WHILE I WARN OUR PATROL BOATS BY SEMAPHORE SIGNAL!



O.K., PROP!

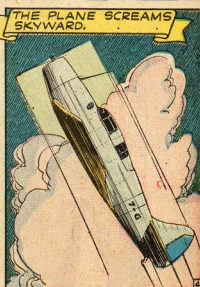
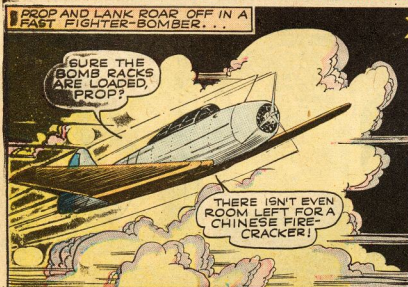
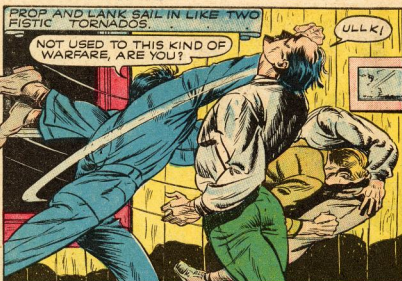
THE WARNING IS RECEIVED BY...



MESSAGE FROM ASHORE?
"YOU ARE IN MINE FIELD! STOP AND ANCHOR WHERE YOU ARE!"

...ALL BUT ONE OF THE COAST GUARD BOATS, WHICH PLOWS INTO A MINE.





THEY REACH THE PEAK OF THEIR STEEP CLIMB.

ALL SET? HERE WE GO WITH A BASKETFUL OF GRADE-A- DEATH EGGS!

PROP DIVES STRAIGHT DOWN, IGNORING THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

THE BOMB-LOAD IS SOON DROPPED AND THEY ZOOM SKYWARD.

GIVE YOU FIVE TO TWO IT'S A DIRECT HIT, PROP!

AND THE STICK OF BOMBS LANDS SQUARE ON THE FOREDECK.

THE EXPLOSION SETS OFF THE POWDER MAGAZINE AND THE SHIP IS BLASTED TO BITS.

THAT'S THAT, NOW TO SCORCH THE CROP OF MINES THEY PLANTED!

WITH BOMBS AND MACHINE GUN FIRE, THEY DETONATE THE MINES, CLEARLY VISIBLE FROM THE AIR.

AND THE COAST-GUARD BOATS CHURN SAFELY TO PORT.

HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, PROP?

YOU BET, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO SOME MORE SOON!

THEY'RE SPACED FAR ENOUGH APART SO THE EXPLOSION WON'T HURT OUR PATROL BOATS, LANK.

PROP AND LANK FIND NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT
NATIONAL COMICS.

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD

THE
LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD

by NICK CARDY

IN A SECRET
HIDING PLACE, A
GRUFF VOICE
BELLOW'S OUT:

SHUT UP YOU
GUYS AN' I'LL
TELL YOU WHAT

I GOT YA T'GETHER FOR! JOE—
YOU'RE A FOIST CLASS HOODLUM!!!
ALWAYS LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT!
C'MON UP HERE!



OKAY—
SHOOT YER
MOUTH OFF! I AIN'T
GOT ALL NIGHT—I
GOT WOIK T'DO!

YOU'RE
WORKIN'
FOR ME
NOW!

THIS IS JUST A
DEMONSTRATION OF
WHAT'S GONNA
HAPPEN TO ALL OF
YOU! WELL, JOE—
HERE IT IS!



A Marble Cover Scan

AGAIN
THAT LAUGHING
HILARIOUS DYNAMO
OF HUMAN ENERGY
STRIKES ONE OF HIS
DEADLIEST BLOWS AT
CRIME... ALONG QUICK-
SILVER DEFIES THE
SPEED DEMONS
....



GET UP—IT DIDN'T HURT YOU!

YOU DIRTY RAT!
YOU PLUGGED
ME!!



UH—YOU'RE RIGHT—
I AIN'T EVEN BLEEDIN'!
SO—YOU MISSED!
WHY YOU...!

JOE LUNGES FORWARD—BUT WITH
SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED THAT
HE MISSES THE LEADER OF THE
GANG AND CRASHES RIGHT
THROUGH A STONEWALL...



WAS
THAT
ME?

I
AIN'T
THAT
FAST!!

?

!

I
AIN'T
EVEN
HURT!!

WHAT'S
GOT IN
ME
???

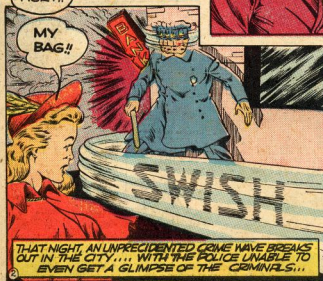
CLEVER, EH? YOU'RE
ALL GOIN' TO GET A
SHOT LIKE JOE—WITH
A LITTLE PILL THAT WILL MAKE
EVERYTHIN' YOU DO 10 TIMES
AS FAST! JOE LIKES TO FIGHT—
SO HE'S 10 TIMES AS STRONG...
YOU'RE A PICKPOCKET, YOU, A
SAFE CRACKER...AND RIGHT ON
DOWN THE
LINE!!



WOW! YOU KIN SHOOT
ME TWICE FOR
ALL I CARE!

ME
TOO!

YEAH!



MY
BAG!!

SWISH

BUT—AS
THE
BAFFLED
POLICE
ARE
LEFT IN
A FOG, ANOTHER
LAW ENFORCER
PICKS
UP THE
SEARCH..

QUICKSILVER

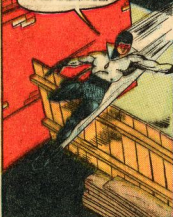


JUST LET ME SEE ONE
OF THESE SPEED
DEMONS—I'LL
GIVE HIM A RUN
FOR HIS
MONEY!

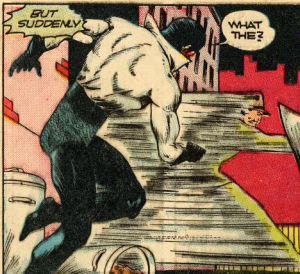
THAT NIGHT, AN UNPRECEDENTED CRIME WAVE BREAKS
OUT IN THE CITY... WITH THE POLICE UNABLE TO
EVEN GET A GLIMPSE OF THE CRIMINALS...

AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING...

THESE SPEED
DEMONS SURE
ARE SCARCE!

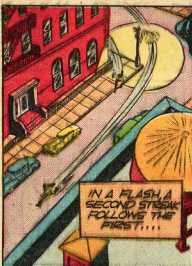


BUT
SUDDENLY...



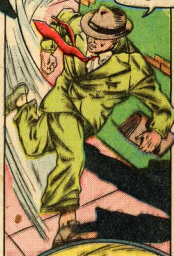
WHAT
THE?

HOLY MACKEREL—
LOOK AT HIM GO!
BROTHER—YOU'VE
GOT A SHADOW
FROM NOW ON!!

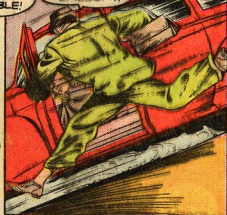


IN A FLASH A
SECOND STREAK
FOLLOWS THE
FIRST....

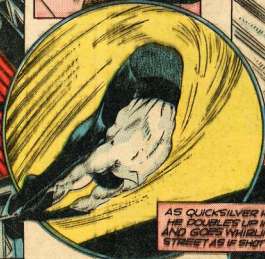
WHAT TH'?' QUICKSILVER!!
HE'S GAINING ON
ME - IT'S - IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



SHOVE OVER, YOU -
I'M TAKIN' YOUR
JALLOPY!



OH-OH-THIS
CALLS FOR DIFFERENT
TACTICS!



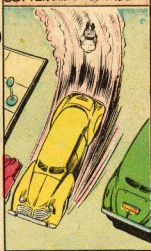
AS QUICKSILVER HITS THE GROUND,
HE DOUBLES UP INTO A BALL
AND GOES WHIRLING DOWN THE
STREET AS IF SHOT FROM A GUN!!



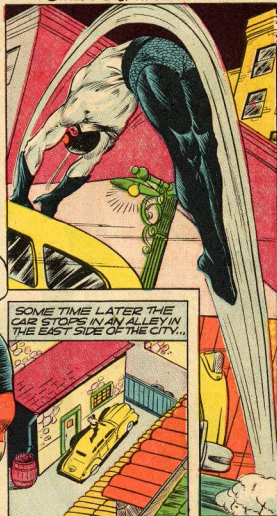
PLEASE, SIR - THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF GAS! YOU'RE DOING 50 MILES AN HOUR AND ACCORDING TO STATISTICS...



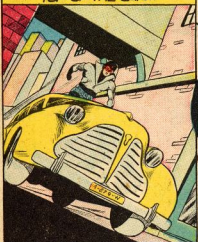
WAIT... HAS HE REALLY GOTTEN RID OF QUICKSILVER?



A FEW FEET BEHIND THE CAR, QUICKSILVER BREAKS OUT OF THE SOMMERSAULT AND STREAKS UPWARD.....



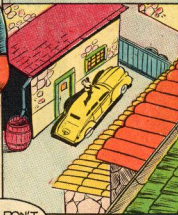
...LANDING SILENTLY ON THE TOP OF THE CAR...



WELL, BUT YOU'RE PROBABLY HEADING SOMEPLACE... SO GO AHEAD AND HEAD!



SOME TIME LATER THE CAR STOPS IN AN ALLEY IN THE EAST SIDE OF THE CITY...



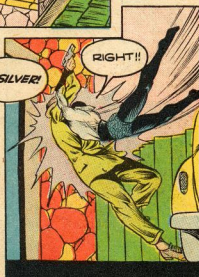
OKAY, YOU - BEAT IT... AN' FORGET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT!!

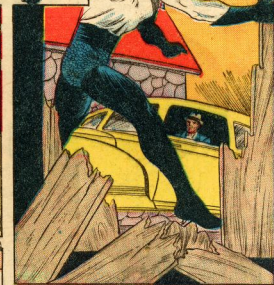
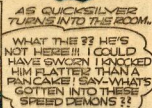


BUT DON'T FORGET TO TELL THE POLICE !!!

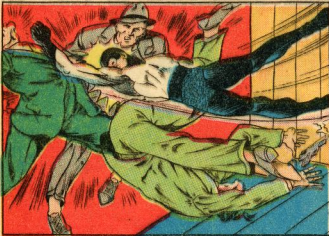
QUICKSILVER!

RIGHT!!





GUNS BLAST OUT AT QUICKSILVER.. BUT WITH HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED HE DIVES INTO THE HERD OF MEN RUSHING AT HIM.. BEFORE A BULLET CAN HIT HIM...



C'MON, BOYS-LET'S SEE YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION...

BEFORE LONG, THE CELLAR IS TURNED INTO A WHIRLWIND BEDLAM AS QUICKSILVER STANDS ALONE AGAINST HALF A DOZEN MEN, EACH STRONGER THAN AN AVERAGE MAN.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE A SMALL ROOM IN THE CELLAR...

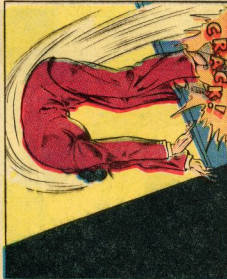
HA-HA-HA!! NOW WHO'S THE CHUMP! BOY-I'LL BET THE GANG IS TEARING THIS QUICKSILVER CHUMP TO BITS!!

OH-OH-IT'S OVER ALREADY!! WELL-I GUESS I'D BETTER GO OUT AND MAKE THE FUNERAL PLANS!!



AS THE LEADER OF THE SPEED DEMONS OPENS THE DOOR..

ER...HELLO JOE..SURPRISED ?!!?



WELL-SLONG SUCKER! BUT REMEMBER... THERE'S ALWAYS BIGGER GUYS THAN YOU..IF YOU TROUBLE TO LOOK!!

JACK and JILL

By
Lowell
Riggs

FROM THE LANDS BELOW THE GULF STREAM, COMES A SHIP TO DOCK AT OUR PORTS... AND IN ITS CARGO LIES HORROR AND DEADLY PERIL FOR OUR ACE SLEUTHS JACK AND JILL.

PIER 42...THE COFFEE FREIGHTER RIO D'ORO HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM SANTOS, BRAZIL.

ANXIOUS TO FIND DON, THEY DART UP THE GANG PLANK... JUST AS THE BOARD SLIDES AWAY FROM THE SHIP.

JACK AND JILL DOE WAIT EAGERLY TO GREET THEIR FRIEND DON FELLOWS, A COMMERCIAL ATTACHE CALLED HOME FOR CONFERENCE WITH THE U.S. PURCHASING COMMISSION IN WASHINGTON.

LET'S LOOK FOR HIM?

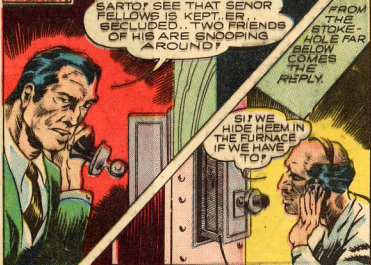
FUNNY...DON'S ALWAYS THE FIRST ONE DOWN THE GANG-PLANK?

THEY RACE BREATHLESSLY DOWN A HATCHWAY... AS A FIGURE SCURRIES INTO A CABIN NEARBY.



THAT GANG-
PLANK EPISODE
WAS NO
ACCIDENT!

THE SCURRYING FIGURE SNATCHES UP A SHIP'S PHONE...

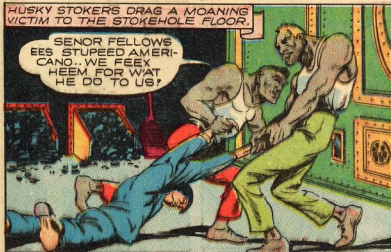


SARTO! SEE THAT SENOR
FELLOWS IS KEPT.. ER..
SECLUDED... TWO FRIENDS
OF HIS ARE SNOOPING
AROUND?

FROM
THE
STOKE-
HOLE FAR
BELOW
COMES
THE
REPLY.

SIT WE
HIDE HEEM IN
THE FURNACE
IF WE HAVE
TO?

HUSKY STOKERS DRAG A MOANING VICTIM TO THE STOKEHOLE FLOOR.



SENOR FELLOWS
EES STUPEED AMERI-
CANO... WE FEEEX
HEEM FOR WAT
HE DO TO US?

MEANWHILE, JACK AND JILL
ARE LOST IN A MAZE OF
CORRIDORS.



WE'VE REACHED
A DEAD END..
NOW
WHAT?

SUDDENLY, A SWARTHY FIGURE
ADVANCES TOWARD THEM... A
MURDEROUS DAGGER IN HIS
HAND.



HAHI DEAD
END IS
RIGHT!



NO.. NO!
PUT DOWN
THAT KNIFE!

BUT JACK DUCKS AND
THE BLADE BURIES IT
SELF IN THE WALL.



DAZED BY HIS FAILURE AT MURDER, THE MAN GLARES STUPIDLY AT JACK.

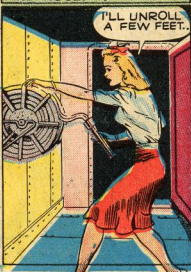


WHO SEIZES THE CHANCE TO HOP SADDLEWISE ON HIS BACK.



NOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO GET IT!

JILL SEIZES THE COILED FIRE HOSE.



I'LL UNROLL A FEW FEET..

AND SMACK THIS GUY HARD WITH THE METAL END!



HE'S OUT, JACK!

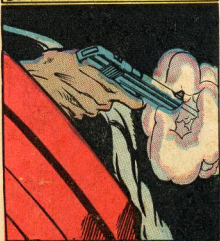
NO MATTER. TIE HIM UP GOOD IN THIS LIFE PRESERVER VEST!



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ABOARD THIS SHIP. AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT!



THEY STRIDE ALONG THE TOP DECK, BUT SUDDENLY A GNARLED HAND POKES OUT OF A LIFE BOAT... A GUN BARKS.



AND THE RESULTING SHATTER OF A GLASS WINDOW DETERMINES THE SHOT'S DIRECTION.



JACK DASHES TO THE LIFEBOAT.



OH HO!

COME OUT, YOU! OR DO I HAVE TO HAUL YOU OUT?!





CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

BY
GIL
FOX

CYCLONE IS BEING
INTERVIEWED BY
A NEWSPAPER
EDITOR WHEN...

SO YER NEWS-
PAPER IS
GONNA EXPOSE
MY MURDER
RACKET, EH?

I'LL RUIN YER PRESSES
SO YA CAN'T
RUIN ME!!

HE'S
ESCAPING!

HE WON'T GET FAR!
FIRST I NEED THE
LETTER "A"!!

CYCLONE SPEARS
A HEADLINE TYPE
BLOCK WITH AN
ARROW!!

NOW I'LL
JUST
SPELL
OUT A
MESSAGE
ON TH'
SEAT
OF HIS
PANTS!

AS
CYCLONE'S
LAST ARROW
FINISHES
THE MESSAGE

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE,
BUD! YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!!

NEXT
DAY

I'LL WRECK THESE
@ * # !! PRESSES
MYSELF!!

WHAT'S TH'
IDEA,
CYCLONE?

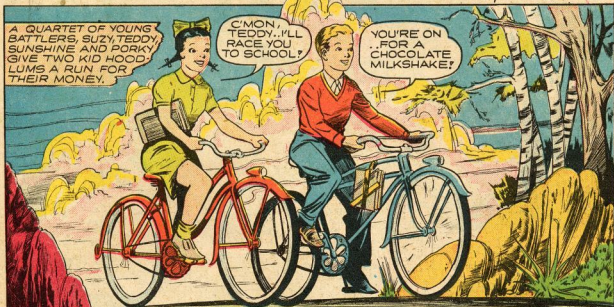
GET A LOAD OF
THIS MISPRINT!!!

NEWS
KILLER CAPTURED
BY CYCLONE
CUPID!!

CYCLONE
KILLER

KID PATROL

by Dan Wilson



A QUARTET OF YOUNG BATTLERS, SUZY, TEDDY, SUNSHINE AND PORKY GIVE TWO KID HOODLUMS A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

C'MON, TEDDY...I'LL RACE YOU TO SCHOOL!

YOU'RE ON...FOR A CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE!

GIT OFFA DEM BIKES?

YOU HOID HIM, GIT MOVIN'! AND LEAVE DE WHEELERS!

A Marble River Scan

THE TWIN BIKES RACE SIDE BY SIDE DOWN THE STEEP HILL TOWARD SCHOOL...

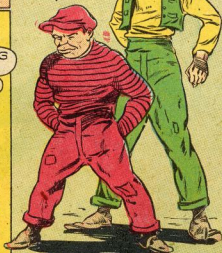
SUZY'S EYES POP, BUT TEDDY'S GLARE IN ANGER AT THE TOUGHIES BLOCKING THEIR PATH.

BOY? WHAT FUN?

I CAN SEE WHO'S DRINKING FREE MILK-SHAKES RIGHT NOW.

OHH...THOSE AWFUL BOYS FROM ACROSS TOWN? WHAT'LL WE DO, TEDDY?

WELL, THEY'LL NOT GET ANY- WHERE TRYIN' TO BULLY ME!



THE OVERSIZED HOODLUM MUSSSES TEDDY'S FACE BUT MEETS AN UNEXPECTED LIGHTNING BLOW.

S'MATTER, KID? CANTCHA UNDERSTAND IN A NICE WAY?

NO TOUGH GUYS PUSHIN' ME AROUND?

OOF.

THE SMALLER BULLY'S CROUCHED BODY IS CONVENIENTLY PLACED FOR TEDDY'S FALL.

HAPPY LANDINGS, LITTLE MUG?

HAW? HAW? THAT'LL LEARN YUH?

MEANWHILE, PORKY AND SUNSHINE ARE STRUGGLING TO SCHOOL A BIT FURTHER UP THE PATH.

BEFORE THE PLUCKY BOY KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING, THE TWO TOUGHS DEPART ON THE BICYCLES. . . .

KEEP DOSE TRAPS SHUT, ER ELSE...

C'MON, STRETCH! HAW? HAW?

REMEMBER YO' PROMISE...IT'S MAH TURN ON DE HILL?

OKAY, SUNSHINE.

MAN OH MAN? JUMP FO' YO' LIFE, PORKY!

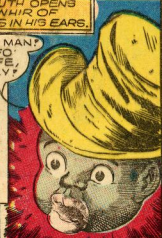
SUNSHINE'S MOUTH OPENS WIDE AS THE WHIR OF WHEELS ECHOES IN HIS EARS.

NOT THE ARGUING KIND, PORKY AND SUNSHINE DIVE FOR SAFETY AS THE RACING BIKES COME TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

SORRY LITTLE BUSH, BUT YO' IS ABOUT TO BE KILT..

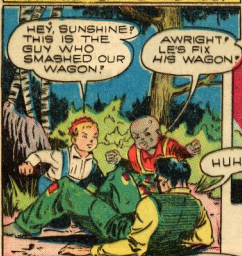
LET ME OUTTA HERE!

TOO LATE TO AVOID THE WAGON, THE BULLY ON THE STOLEN BIKE TAKES A NOSE DIVE.

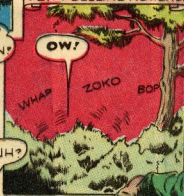


BAM

AND LANDS IN THE BUSHES ONLY TO GET A FRIENDLY GREETING FROM TWO SIGHTING-MAD KIDS.



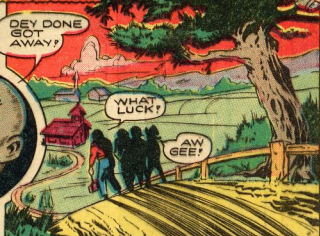
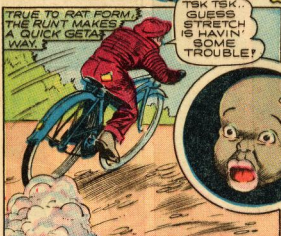
THE GROUND QUIVERS AS PORKY AND SUNSHINE CLEAR UP A FEW PUZZLING NOTIONS.



A BATTERED FIGURE DEPARTS, YOWLING LIKE A BANSHEE.



SOON THE FOUR TRANSPORTATION-LESS KIDS TRUDGE DESPONDENTLY TO SCHOOL.



IN CLASS, THE KIDS SIT AT THEIR DESKS RESTLESSLY.



BUT THE KEEN-EYED TEACHER SPOTS THE PLOTTERS.



I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL TODAY!



AND SO THE WEARY HOURS PASS.



UNTIL THE WELCOME BELL ANNOUNCES THE HOUR OF DELIVERANCE.



BUT THE UNHAPPY QUARTET IS LEFT TO THE MERCIES OF A QUIET SCHOOL ROOM AND OCCUPY THEMSELVES USEFULLY.

I must not talk
I must not talk

NUIS

TEACHER

OF ALL THE DUMB LUCK!

4/20

CAT

TWO FAMILIAR
FIGURES
INTENTLY
WATCH THE
TEACHER'S
DEPARTURE.

SMASH OUR WAGON WILL YA!

4

BUT THE BABY THUGS ARE DUE FOR A SURPRISE AS THEY MEET THE KID PATROL.

HEY! WH..?

MAH GOODNESS IT'S THE CROOKS! GRAB 'EM!

STRETCH AND HIS RUNT PAL
LEARN A FEW WELL-NEEDED
LESSONS TO THE TUNE
OF ACTIVE FISTS.

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO STEAL
MY BIKE!

SMASH
OUR WAGON
WILL YA?

SS?
EM?
S!

4

STRETCH RUNS INTO A PECK OF TROUBLE AS HE TRIES A BREAK.

HAS YO' HAD ENOUGH, FRESH GUY?

LET US GO! YOU'LL GIT YOUR BIKE BACK... HONEST!

YEAH? WE GIVE UP!

SUZY, WRITE A NOTE TO TEACHER. WE'LL GO WITH THESE LUGS. I'VE AN IDEA WE HAVE PLENTY TO SEE!

THE TWO TOUGHIES LEAD THEM TO A WELL-CONCEALED SHACK.

BOY! WHAT A SPOT FOR A HIDEOUT!

INSIDE, AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETED THEIR EYES.

MY GOSH... A BUNCH OF STOLEN BIKES!

AS SOON AS WE GET YOU SETTLED, WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE KIDS WHO OWN THOSE BIKES. GET GOING!

THE BATTLING QUARTET HERDS THE CULPRITS INTO THE POLICE STATION.

O.K. GET READY TO DO SOME TALKING.

BUT THEIR STARTLED EARS HEAR A STRANGE SPEECH. TEACHER HAS MISINTERPRETED SUZY'S NOTE.

SO YOU COME TO GIVE YOURSELVES UP? O.K. WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE STUFF YOU TOOK?

I'M SORRY, SUZY... I READ IT SO QUICKLY THAT I GOT THE WRONG IDEA!

THEY HURRY TO EXPLAIN AND TEACHER REALIZES THAT IT WAS SUZY'S HASTY NOTE THAT MADE HER ACCUSE THEM.

BUT, OFFICER, WE ONLY WENT TO CATCH SOME CROOKS WHO STOLE OUR BIKES.

THAT'S O.K. MY HAND WAS SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF WHEN I WROTE IT!

THE KID PATROL MEETS NEW EXCITEMENT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS



WHEN Terry Milton borrowed old Lew Poore's fishing boat to go down the bay collecting driftwood for the family stove, he never suspected that grim danger lurked on barren Shelldrake Island.

Terry was alone, and his small figure was hardly noticeable in the stern of the chugging motor dory as it trailed across the bay. The sky was overcast, and fog was rolling in from the sea. Terry could feel a chill across his back as the damp breeze penetrated his thin sweater.

The eerie scream of seagulls rose above the sputter of the motor, and Terry's eyes swept the choppy water ahead. A flock of the grey-white birds were wheeling over the cove on the north side of Shelldrake Island.

Terry's clear blue eyes narrowed sharply. "Now what can they be after. Must be food floating on the water. But there's no one around here, and the herring aren't running in these parts now."

If Terry had given more consideration to what had attracted the gulls, he would have steered clear of Shelldrake Island. Instead, he ran the dory aground and leaped out with a line from the bow and made the craft fast so it

would not drift away with the rising tide.

There was a lot of driftwood along the barren shore, and Terry set to work quickly gathering the small logs into neat piles. He was so busy he failed to see the ragged figure on the low rock cliffs above him. The bearded man moved slowly, spiderlike, on his hands and feet. Then he dislodged a piece of rock that tumbled down close by Terry.

The boy whirled around suddenly. Then it was too late. The ragged figure was already in the air above his head. Terry tried to duck but the squirming bundle of rags hit his shoulders with a terrific weight.

A moment later Terry was

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF NATIONAL COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

lying on his back in a batch of dead sea weed, and the bearded face was leering down at him.

"Hey! What's the big idea? Let me up, you!" Terry screamed. But there was no one within a mile to hear his voice and come to his aid.

The man's hands grasped Terry's throat and shook him. "Shut up, you little fool. You ain't got no business here. And I ain't letting you go."

Terry could see the gleam in the ragged man's eyes. He knew that this fellow was a madman, and unless he did something quick the man might kill him. So Terry pretended to have no fight in him for a minute while the madman ranted.

"This island is mine. You hear me? Mine! All mine! My dory was washed ashore on the rocks here during the hurricane of thirty-eight. Guess I was killed, 'cause when the sun came out the next day, I found my body lying here on the shore."

Terry was doubly sure the man was crazy now, and he did something quick. His hands which hadn't so far

moved, suddenly shot up into the scraggly beard. Then he arched his back and threw all his weight down the slope. The madman's high-pitched shrieks ended with a snarl as Terry bounded to his feet and ran faster than he'd ever run in his life.

He grabbed the rope and tumbled into the dory. The ragged figure had got to his feet and was stumbling toward the boat. But Terry got the warm engine going, and soon the dory was in deep water. As Terry looked back, the madman was standing waist-deep, shaking his fist and screaming threats.

Terry told his story to Lew Poore, and the old fisherman said quietly, "Well, son, we'll have to go back there tomorrow and see if we can catch the fellow."

But when they reached Sheldrake Island the next day there wasn't a sign of life on the barren rock. They searched around the shore and through the sparse growth of birches and alders which made a thicket in the middle of the island.

All they found that seemed to tie in with Terry's experi-

ence of the previous day was a pile of stones on the shore.

"Looks like a grave marker," Lew Poore said as he poked around.

"You're right," Terry said, "and here's a slab of board with something carved on it."

Lew Poore examined the board for a moment, and rubbed his chin. "Here lies John Wallace—May He Rest in Peace."

"Suppose there's a body here?" Terry asked in a whisper.

"Well, son, I'm going to take the shovel and find out!"

Lew Poore dug a pit six feet deep in the next two hours until he struck solid rock. He looked up quizzically at Terry. "Ain't nothing below this, son. Guess that fellow decided he wasn't dead after all, and went back to the mainland. Queer, though, ain't it?"





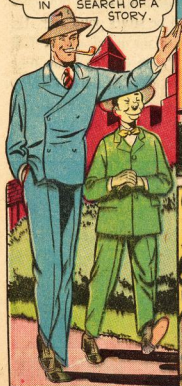
ARDENT FANS DERIVE PLEASANT DIVERSION FROM HIS CARTOON STORIES... WHILE THE UNDERWORLD QUAILS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF HIS PEN AND HIS PISTOL... THIS IS THE MAN WE NOW CONSIDER... AS THE CARTOONIST-DETECTIVE.

PEN MILLER

By Klaus

TAKES UP THE CASE OF THE BLIND PEDDLER.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, NIKI... TWO CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A STORY.



TAKE THAT BLIND PEDDLER, FOR INSTANCE... THERE COULD EVEN BE A STORY IN HIM.



WELL, FOR...! THAT CHAP'S TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF THE CUP!



HM... SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT FELLOW!

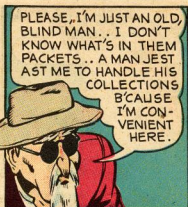
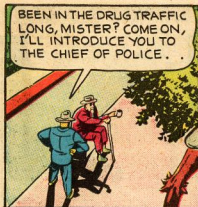


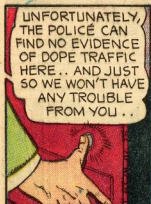
HERE'S ANOTHER... WITH THE SAME EXPRESSION!



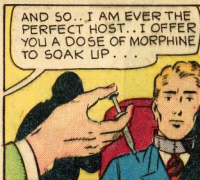
BY GEORGE! THEY'RE BUYING MORPHINE BINDLES!... DOPE, NIKI!







THE CARTOONIST SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A VICE-LIKE TRAP..



AS THE DRUG TAKES HOLD, PEN'S MIND SLOWLY SLIPS AWAY.. WITH THE DOCTOR'S EVIL COUNTEenance BEFORE HIM...





I THOUGHT SO... SOMEONE'S PALMED OFF A POISONOUS ARABIAN WEED ON YOU, DOC...



IT'S THAT RASCALLY ARAB SERVANT! NO WONDER I COULDN'T FIND HIM! ULG... HE'S TRYING... TO... KILL... ME... ULG!!



OF COURSE YOU FEEL BETTER... YOU JUST MADE A CLEAN BREAST OF THINGS!



NIKI!... DOCTOR ABSENT LONG TIME... AND NIKI FIX ALAB FELLOW.

IN A LITTLE WHILE, THE DOCTOR ENTERS, SMUG AND PUDGY...



AH, AWAKE AND CHIPPER AGAIN, ARE WE? WELL, YOU CAN HAVE ANOTHER SHOT AT SEVEN...



QUICK, NIKI, PULL SOME HAIRS OUT OF THAT ORIENTAL NOGGIN OF YOURS AND INSERT THEM IN THE DOCTOR'S CIGARETTES.



WHAT'S WRONG, DOCTOR? YOU'RE ALL GREEN AND YELLOW! BETTER RELEASE ME SO I CAN EXAMINE YOUR CIGARETTES.



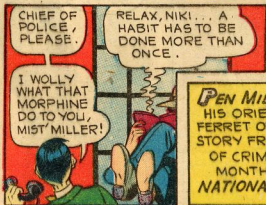
ULG... BRING ME... TO A HOSPITAL

ON ONE CONDITION... YOU WRITE OUT A CONFESSION IN-CRIMINATING YOUR ARAB! YOU'RE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE, YOU KNOW...

THE AGONIZED CRIMINAL SCRAWLS A HASTY CONFESSION...



STRANGE, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER...



CHIEF OF POLICE, PLEASE.

RELAX, NIKI... A HABIT HAS TO BE DONE MORE THAN ONCE.

I WOLLY WHAT THAT MORPHINE DO TO YOU, MIST' MILLER!

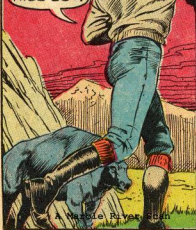
PEN MILLER AND HIS ORIENTAL VALET FERRET OUT ANOTHER STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF CRIME IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS**...

Paul BUNYAN

 TBY
Storey Weaver


THE LEGENDARY GIANT OF THE LUMBER CAMPS AND HIS BLUE OX, BABE, STRIKE OUT FOR THE OZARKS AND STUMBLE INTO FORBIDDEN TERRITORY WHERE JUSTICE IS A JOKE UNLESS THOSE WHO ENFORCE THE LAW KEEP THEIR HANDS NEAR THEIR HOLSTERS.

WILD COUNTRY, EH, BABE? HERE'S WHERE JOHN DILLINGER USED TO HIDE OUT!



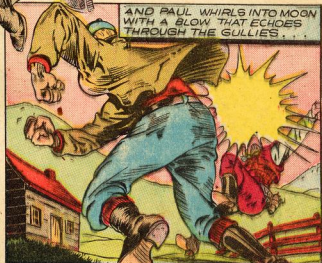
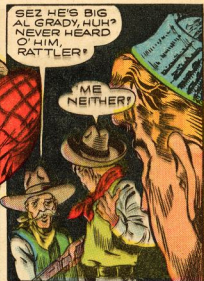
SUDDENLY..

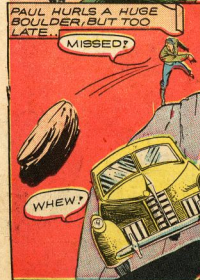
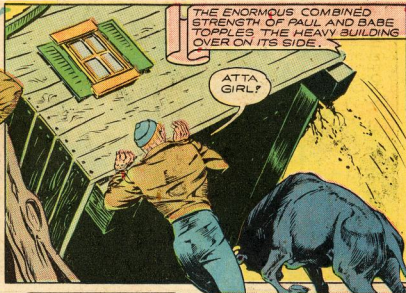
GIT YORE HANDS UP BIG BOY! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?!



PUT DOWN THE GUN, PARTNER? I'M BIG AL GRADY.. COME DOWN HERE TO JOIN UP WITH A LIVE-WIRE MOB, HOW ABOUT IT?







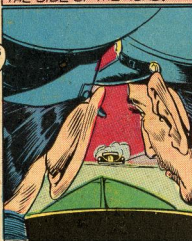
A STATE TROOPER'S CAR HURTLES ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

HEY, TOM! THAT CAR COMIN' THIS WAY, ISN'T IT THE ONE THE BANK ROBBERS USED?

LOOKS LIKE IT!



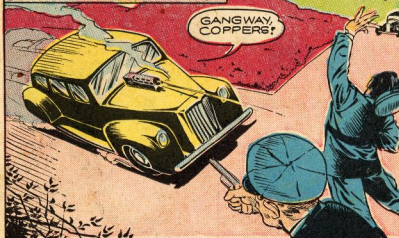
THE TROOPERS JAM ON THE BRAKES AND PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.



LET 'EM HAVE IT, JOE! THEY'RE KILLERS!



BUT VICIOUS FIRE FROM A MOUNTED MACHINE GUN BLASTS THE TROOPER'S BACK.



GANGWAY, COPPERS!

PAUL COVERS THE ROCKY GROUND WITH HUGE STRIDES.



HERE HE COMES, BABE!

PAUL RIPS THE BODY FROM THE CHASSIS.



HALP!

THERE'S YOUR BANDIT AND THE STOLEN MONEY. YOU'LL FIND HIS PALS BACK UP THE ROAD A PIECE!

WE'LL HANDLE 'EM!



THANKS A MILLION, BIG FELLA! I'D ASK YOU TO DINNER BUT ER...UH..



THAT'S OKAY..I'D EAT YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!

PAUL BUNYAN MEETS NEW ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN NATIONAL COMICS.

Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

ARTHUR SCHULZ

BESIDES BEING OF PRACTICAL USE, I THINK AVIATION IS THE MOST THRILLING THING IN THE WORLD!

WOULD YOU TAKE ME FOR MY SECOND LESSON PLEASE?

I'M BUSY JUST NOW, MISS, BUT I'LL FIND THE OTHER INSTRUCTOR FOR YOU! HE'S ABOUT THE FIELD SOMEWHERE

OH-HERE YOU ARE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO UP WITH ME NOW?

YES'M! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

THE ENGINE STARTED PERFECTLY, BUT WE ZOOMED UP AND AROUND TOO FAST!

YUP!

NOW WHAT'S THIS?

I THINK IT'S CALLED A BARREL ROLL

CLIMBING UP, DIVING DOWN - DROPPING END OVER END! THIS IS FUN!

SURE IS!

THAT WING IS STARTING TO SHAKE AWFULLY HARD - WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?

I DUNNO, WHAT?

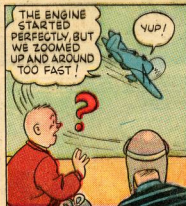
THE DARDEST THINGS I HAVE TO DO TO APPEAR ON THIS PAGE EVERY MONTH !!

DON'T KNOW? SAY! AREN'T YOU THE INSTRUCTOR?

HECK NO! AIN'T YOU? I'VE NEVER BEEN UP BEFORE!

HEY-WHAT'LL WE DO?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO BUT I'M LEAVING!



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



CARBED IN HIS MAGICAL CLOAK, MERLIN, DESCENDENT OF THE ANCIENT MAGICIAN OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, TODAY USES OCCULT POWERS TO AID DEMOCRACIES IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION... WITH THE RED ARMY ON THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA HE WATCHES THE ADVANCING TEUTONIC HORDES.



SUDDENLY A BURSTING SHELL STUNS MERLIN AND OLGA, THE RUSSIAN GIRL!



A CHARGING NAZI TANK SEPARATES THE FALLEN COUPLE FROM THE RETREATING REDS!



AH! NEVSKY'S DAUGHTER, SEIZE HER!



QUICKLY THE GIRL IS CAPTURED BUT THE DAZED MAGICIAN IS UNNOTICED UNDER A PILE OF DEBRIS.



HOURS LATER MERLIN MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE NEW RUSSIAN LINES.



BUT I WILL USE ALL MY MAGIC POWER TO AID YOU AND RESCUE YOUR DAUGHTER.



MEANWHILE THE NAZIS PUSH TOWARD THE GONSK RIVER.



THEY WON'T SHOOT WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WE ARE SENDING THEM-
HA, HE
HO!



ACROSS THE FLAT EXPANSE OF ICE THE PANZERS RUMBLE ON.

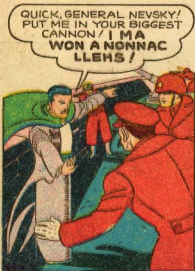
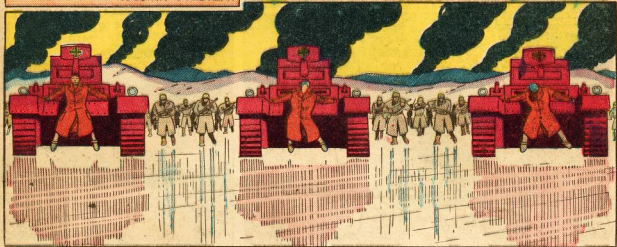


FROM THE RUSSIAN SIDE OF THE RIVER POWERFUL GLASSES SCAN THE APPROACHING FORCES.

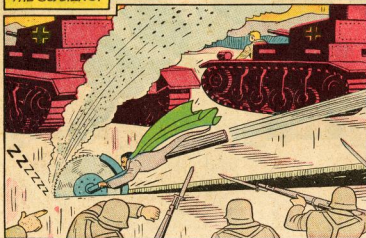


LOOK! IF WE SHOOT WE'LL KILL OUR OWN MEN!

WHAT THE SHOCKED REDS SEE...TIED OVER THE FRONT OF EACH ADVANCING NAZI TANK IS A CAPTURED RUSSIAN SOLDIER!



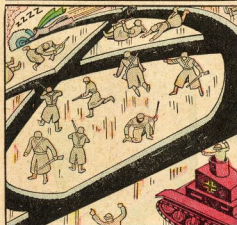
THE MECHANIZED MAGICIAN GLIDES BETWEEN THE REAR OF THE TANKS AND SAWS THROUGH THE ICE IN FRONT OF THE SOLDIERS!



BEHIND HIM MERLIN LEAVES A PATH OF OPEN WATER!



CONTINUING ON - THE HUMAN BUZZSAW CUTS THROUGH THE INFANTRY ISOLATING THEM ON CAKES OF ICE!



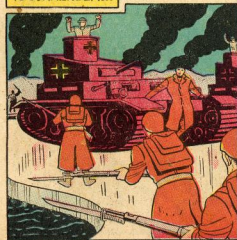
ON SHORE GENERAL NEVSKY ORDERS AN ADVANCE!



OVER THE TOP WITH FIXED BAYONETS CHARGE THE RED INFANTRY!



SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES BY OPEN WATER THE TANKS ARE FORCED TO SURRENDER...



AND THE HAMSTRUNG PRISONERS ARE RELEASED!



JA - I APOLOGIZE FOR MYSELF AND THE ARMY - WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THOSE NAZIS ORDER US TO DO!



NEXT THE INFANTRY, TRAPPED ON CAKES OF ICE, IS EASILY CAPTURED!



ON THE WEST BANK OF THE GONS, THE NAZI GENERAL SEES HIS ARMY LOST.

CURSES!
IT'S THAT ENGLISH MAGICIAN AGAIN!



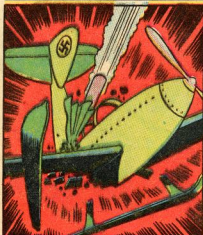
HE RACES FOR HIS TRACTORMOBILE IN WHICH OLGA HAS BEEN KEPT PRISONER.



HOT ON THE TRAIL IS THE RESOURCEFUL MAGICIAN.



THE GRINDING BUZZ-SAW SMASHES INTO THE PLANE!



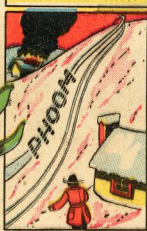
PARTS AND BITS OF MACHINERY FLY ABOUT...



AND OUT OF THE REVOLVING MADNESS MERLIN EMERGES - ON SKIS WITH AN AIRPLANE MOTOR ON HIS BACK!



WITH BLINDING SPEED THE MAGICIAN GLIDES OVER THE SNOW COVERED COUNTRY!



SOON HE SPIES THE FLEEING GENERAL!



THE NAZI EMPTIES HIS LUGER AT MERLIN.



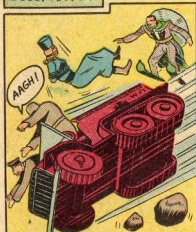
BUT THE SPEEDY MAGICIAN BOUNCES THEM OFF HIS HANDS!



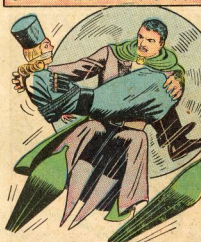
IN DESPERATION OLGA FIGHTS WITH HER CAPTOR - AND KICKS THE DRIVER!



THE CAR SWERVES OVER A CLIFF, THROWING OUT ITS THREE OCCUPANTS!



BUT MERLIN SWOOPS DOWN AND GRABS THE FALLING GIRL!



HE HEADS BACK FOR THE RUSSIAN LINES.



IN A FINAL JUMP MERLIN LEAPS THE GONSK RIVER.



MUST YOU LEAVE NOW, MERLIN?

OH, YES! I SHALL CONTINUE ON MY WAY - YOU'RE SAFE NOW WITH YOUR DAD WAITING FOR YOU!



AS GENERAL NEVSKY AND OLGA WATCH, THE GREAT MAGICIAN FADES INTO A SWIRLING BLIZZARD!

